death where there is no need of them, and in cases of inexplicable lingering intermittent cases the judicial investigation is omitted.' Now there is no medical practitioner of integrity and experience but will indorse this statement of Dr. Taylor. Why, during the summer—the Centennial summer just ended—a physician of great ability observed to me, when there was some alarm expressed that we might be visited with the plague of Eastern Europe, or the yellow fever of the South, or with both: 'I sincerely hope it may not be so, for during the prevalence of an epidemic, when sudden deaths are taken very much as a matter of course, there is always a

FRIGHTFUL INCREASE OF SECRET POISONING.'"

"Is there no method of lessening the victims of this great crime, or, in other words, of discovering its perpetrators?" the reporter asked. "The difficulties are almost insurmountable. Life insurance companies might effect something by closely investigating the causes of some mysterious diseases and unexpected deaths among their insured. At the same time, there are poisons known to the profession that leave no trace whatever; and in such cases autopsy might not reveal anything to criminate the poisoner. It would merely disclose a probably abnormal condition of the functions without furnishing a clue to the cause which produced it. The secrets of these poisons, I may remark, are not obtained from medical practitioners, but from Chinese, Italian, Spanish and other foreign practitioners, or secret assassinators whom the advantages of making money tempt to our shores. There will never be any improvement in this respect till quackery is exposed and abolished by a rigorous and equal law."

"Permit me to ask whether, in any case where you have been called in during your professional career, your suspicions of foul play have been aroused?"

"It is hardly a fair question, because, even if I had, suspicions are not evidence and amount to nothing. I may state that I have been placed in circumstances where I might have excited a scandal, and where the chances were equal that the consequences might have proved adverse to myself. Things are so often not what they seem. In the case of the Balham mystery, for example, I have a theory of my own. I do not think Mr. Bravo was poisoned by antimony. I think he took some more potent poison, and that he took tartar-emetic to relieve him of the more deadly drug. I had a case recently where a person swallowed an ounce of laudanum in a moment of despondency, but almost at once repented. There was some tartar-emetic in the house, and the would-be suicide swallowed two tablespoonfuls of it, not knowing that it also was a poison. The consequence was that vomiting freely followed and in about five hours the party recovered. Like a good many intelligent people to be found everywhere, this individual had no idea that tartar-emetic was a deadly poison in such a dose. There are people who habitually put tartar-emetic into liquor in order to cure their friends of mania potu. Why, there are dozens of cases occurring through Christendom where a well-meaning wife puts this dangerous drug among her husband's liquors when he is on 'a spree.' The poor wretch grows worse. The doctor is called in. He treats the case as it is represented to him, but he never hears a word of tartar-emetic. He treats the case. The man dies and the doctor signs a certificate accordingly. There are parties who profess to cure the love of liquor or the drinking habit, and in almost every instance some disguised form of this tartar-emetic is their trump card."

In reply to another question, the doctor said:—"I would not be justified in furnishing you for publication the names of any poisons with which I may happen to be acquainted. Such a disclosure might, and no doubt would, lead to incalculable mischief. It is sufficient to state that while there are poisons whose swift action emulates the thunderbolt, there are others whose lingering action imitates consumption, consumption of the bowels, and even Bright's disease of the kidneys. Money will buy almost any kind of deadly drug in New York."

Several other medical gentlemen expressed themselves guardedly and hesitatingly to a like effect.

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The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1877

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

Before another issue of THE WATCHMAN appears, the Parliament of Canada will have assembled and the Government of the country will have been brought face to face with the representatives of the People,—rather, those who at the time of their election were deemed representatives of the People, but who, in many cases, have since forfeited popular confidence. Before this Session closes, we have little doubt, the Opposition will be enabled to wring from the Government a pretty complete statement of the condition of the public finances and funds and the public works, and to secure a complete exposure of the mismanagement which has attended nearly every transaction and movement of our Grit rulers. Much information that was called for and promised last Session had not been furnished when Parliament rose and was consequently not available for Parliamentary uses, the returns in connexion with the Steel Rails purchase being a notable instance of information delayed. But the Government's past delays and evasions will probably suggest to the Opposition the propriety of making early demand for information not supplied in the Reports, leaving the Government without excuse if the information be not forthcoming. We are confident that when the complete details of Grit mismanagement for the past three years shall have been made public, the constituencies will be ashamed of having trusted the control of public affairs to such incompetent hands. And the Opposition can render the people of Canada no greater service (as our Ottawa correspondent suggests) than by placing on the public records, and securing publication through the Press, of the exact state of public affairs as they stood at the opening of the present year. The Opposition may safely rest their appeal to the country on the maladministration of the Government, even if they had not a single additional charge to prefer or prove. That they have an abundance of such ammunition is an unquestionable truth.

We notice that the Government press foreshadows little, if anything, of consequence to be presented by the Government, in the form of new measures, for the consideration of Parliament. For twenty years the Brown and Mackenzie Grits, their orators and journalists had been holding Sir John A. Macdonald up to public indignation as a trifler in legislation, a corruptionist in party tactics, a dodger of all serious questions, a mere placeman and dispenser of patronage. They gave out that he lived and breathed in an atmosphere of intrigue and jobbery which left him no time to devote to "the wants of the country;" and down to the last moment of his reign they kept demanding his place and position on the ground, above all others, that they had new legislation to offer, reforms to inaugurate, a new spirit to breathe into all public policies and affairs; they demanded permission to open the "Reform" era and called upon the country to support them in their persistent and violent efforts to capture the Government. And at last they succeeded. The Government was handed over to them. An overwhelming majority in Parliament supported them. The Opposition has been too feeble to offer serious embarrassment to any new policy they undertook to carry. They have had everything their own way. But they have proposed no new legislation. They have made no new reforms. They have not made the slightest attempt to redeem their promises. Notwithstanding their Twenty Years War on their opponents for not proposing "Reform" legislation; in the face of their imputations on Sir John A. Macdonald and his associates as "do nothings," "obstructives," "political dodgers," and all that sort of thing, they have not only not offered any new legislation but they now formally announce that the country needs nothing of the kind. Here is their organ's, the Toronto *Globe's*, admission, scarcely a week old:—

It may be that there is some great principle unasserted; some right to be wrested from privilege, some wrong to be remedied. But, if so, no one at the present moment, so far as we are aware, is proclaiming the fact. The justification for violent political agitation at any time is to be discovered in the public necessities, and it is only necessity that can be pleaded in its justification. If the people want anything they may generally be trusted to ask for it, *and when they ask nothing they may be assumed to be reasonably contented.*

Is this not a charming confession to make, after all the promises and pledges and heaven-rending warnings that have proceeded from the "Great Reform" Party! The country asks for nothing! It wants nothing! There is, indeed, in power a "Reform" Party which finds nothing to reform, just such a Party as that for which Mr. Blake, under auroral influences, recently predicted an untimely end! So Sir John A. Macdonald and Cartier and Tupper and Tilley, after all, were not such bad fellows. These leaders in their several Provinces and in the Union had held power and directed the legislation of Canada for the twenty years in which their opponents thundered at them without cessation; and they left the country in such a condition that their successors are now free to declare through their leading organ that the country is in no need of any reforms! Not only so but when any act of administration in present days is questioned the leaders and journals of the "Great Reform" Party at once cite the example and practice of their predecessors as a complete and satisfactory reply to all attacks. From which it would appear that not only was the legislation of the past twenty years ample for "the wants of the country" but even the administrative acts of the late and preceding Governments were on the whole worthy of imitation!

And this is the end of the "Great Reform" Party's attempt at legislating and governing, and it is with this declaration of the *Globe* as their Confession of Faith the "Great Reform" Government proposes to meet Parliament. We have no doubt that when the Session terminates it will be found that the Government's performances are quite in keeping with the *Globe's* utterances, and that the passage of a few petty bills, drafted, perhaps originated, by some departmental clerk, will exhibit the total product of the "Great Reform" Party's contributions to the Statutes of Canada.

THE OIL DUTY.

Last Session of Parliament the Opposition attempted to secure a reduction in the customs duty on burning oil, and moved a resolution to that effect. The Opposition as a body supported it; the Government as a body opposed it and defeated it. Oil has since risen greatly in price, and the Ontario Oil Ring, in particular, has reaped huge profits out of the necessities of the people. The policy of the Opposition has been very generally approved by the People, and the policy of the Government almost universally condemned. The great body of the people are exclaiming against the excessive duty and demanding action such as the Opposition sought last Session. Boards of Trade have taken up the subject, and even in certain Grit newspapers the pressure of public opinion has made itself so strongly felt that journalists who last year supported the Government and their Party through thick and thin, now find themselves compelled to point to the necessity for a change of base in the matter of this Oil Duty. But such journalists, finding the country in arms against their Party, naturally seek to make out their opponents as bad as themselves. It is to such supple partisans that the Toronto *Mail* replies in an article which we heartily endorse:—

THE OIL MONOPOLY MISREPRESENTATION.

In spite of the oft repeated proof that the oil monopoly draws its political support from the Ministerial and not from the Opposition side, the misrepresentation that this crying abuse is part and parcel of the National Policy or Protectionist system is still continued by the Grit press. The Berlin *Telegraph* last week spoke of the oil monopoly as a case of "rather much Protection," and the Ingersoll *Chronicle* makes a set attempt to squeeze out of it an argument against Protection altogether. Canadian consumers, so the *Chronicle* says, are paying an exorbitant price for oil, and all to sustain the principle of Protection. Resolutions argued recently before the Dominion Board of Trade would, it is affirmed, raise the duty on American oil still higher than at present, and the price too we are to understand.

If the *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle* were honest in this matter they would tell the whole truth about it, and would inform their readers that it is chiefly by the favor and friendship of Mr. Mackenzie that the oil ring lives and flourishes. It would have been broken up ere now but for the staunch support of the Dominion Premier and some of his closest personal and political friends. No longer ago than last Session of Parliament Mr. Colby, who is an Opposition member and a Protectionist, moved that the duty on imported oil be reduced one-half, and the motion was supported by the Opposition generally. But Mr. Mackenzie pronounced against it, and his obedient Free Trade followers showed their consistency by voting it down. This is upon the record; and on the part of our Grit contemporaries above named the case is one either of inexcusable ignorance or of a deliberate attempt to deceive.

It is Protectionist policy to lower excise duties and to raise customs duties within reasonable and practicable limits—*to take burdens from home productions of every kind as much as possible, and to lay them upon importations from abroad. By this system we favor ourselves; by the Free Trade system we favor foreigners.* Were the customs duty on oil reduced to 7½ or 10 cents, and the excise duty wholly abolished, the principle of Protection would be fairly carried out, and we should speedily have cheap oil and plenty of it. It is in the excise duty that the strength of the oil ring lies, because by it competition in refining is discouraged, and the refineries kept in few hands. But this, again, is the very reason why Mr. Mackenzie will be sure to resist to the last every attempt to do away with it. Another session of the Dominion Parliament is now near at hand, and perhaps we may not have long to wait for another exhibition of Mr. Mackenzie as the chief patron and defender of the oil monopoly, the iniquity of which appears so black in the eyes of many of his supporters.

The *Mail* has made the matter so clear that he who runs may read. We only add at present that (as we have so frequently pointed out) Mr. Mackenzie and the Government were supported in playing into the hands of the Oil Ring by every New Brunswick Grit, excepting Mr. Appleby, of Carleton County, Mr. Gillmor not only voting but speaking in favor of retaining the enormous import duty. If this disgraceful scene is not to be repeated at the coming Session, the electors should instruct their members accordingly.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS.—In the paragraph under the head of Inter-Colonial Railway—"An Incident of Travel"—it is intimated that railway employes give the bonds of the Guarantee Company as security, instead of the private bonds which the Government had previously accepted, and which cost the men no "premium." We are informed that station masters, previously under private bonds, have given the Company's bonds, under the threat that their pay would be stopped if they did not do so, and have thus been obliged to lose the amount of premium from their already very scanty pay. It is said, however, that, on the other hand, several officials on large salaries at head-quarters, who can well afford to pay their premium, have it paid for them by the Government. If there is such a distinction, why is it maintained? Another reference in that bit of correspondence is to the relations existing between the Inter-Colonial Express Company and the I. C. R. authorities. On this subject we are assured as follows, privately, by a correspondent, who authorizes us to affirm it positively: "I know a station master who, having declined to do the Express business at a rate of pay which would not be sufficient remuneration for carrying the D. H. express packages from the station to the cars, has been instructed by Mr. Luttrell that the Superintendent of the Railway requires him to attend to the Express business, and that Mr. B. 'thinks the rate of remuneration quite sufficient.' Express agents' pay is a percentage on receipts. My own baggage, a few nights ago, a box weighing 10 lbs., and a good many of my neighbors' from time to time, have been taken charge of by the Express without authority and charged for." This is certainly a nice state of affairs; the meaning of it is not so clear. Any one who can throw light on the subject should send his facts to THE WATCHMAN office. The sooner the idea that Messrs. Brydges and Luttrell own the subordinate railway officials is exploded, the better for the railway service.

LOCAL MARINE EXAMINATION.—At St. John, 31st ult., the following gentlemen, prepared by Capt. Connolly, passed most creditable and successful examinations and received certificates of competency:—

William F. Ruddock, St. John, master.
William H. Porter, Yarmouth, master.
Francis Dugas, Weymouth, 2th inst., master
N. B.—No failures.

LETTER FROM OTTAWA.

Hard Worked Ministers.—What the Opposition think of doing.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

At this moment members of the Government are supposed to be preparing to meet Parliament. The uninitiated are given to understand that public duties press heavily upon them now, however gaily they may have been enjoying themselves in the Maritime Provinces, in the United States and in Europe during the summer months. Fancy paints these official slaves as deeply immersed in departmental business; as drawing up Reports, preparing measures for legislation, devising new Tariffs and other means of "saving this unfortunate country," as "Our Rulers" puts it. But is it more than a "fancy" picture? Imagine Huntington, Postmaster General, settling down to square work! Conceive, if you can, Cauchon doing anything except (like Satan) wandering to and fro throughout the earth! Think you see the Hon. A. J. Smith with his coat off and the perspiration pouring down his cheeks and neck, the sad consequence of overwork! Imagine Cartwright bearing the strain of a single idea too many, a single financial problem more than Mackenzie has given him to figure up on his little slate! Don't you think you see Vail overwhelmed by the cares of the War Office,—pale, anxious, fretting away his great soul over questions of Armament and Defence? And Coffin!—Coffin wrestling with some mighty scheme for "checking" the outpour of the public revenue! And Mills and Laflamme and Pelletier, lately sworn in—don't you *know* they are up to their eyes in business, traversing the acts of their predecessors in office! Of course they are: why, their present labors must be perfectly herculean! Mackenzie and Blake, too, doubtless do some work, especially the former who has a finger in every pie, except, they say, the Inter-Colonial Railway—and *its* management is left to Brydges to handle as he pleases—an arrangement which appears to have been the price which it was agreed to pay that functionary for his valuable services in aiding to break down the late Government. Doubtless, you will now understand how terribly overworked our Ministers are—what devoted slaves they are to their masters, the people,—what self-sacrificing patriots the Grit Party has given to the country. What would become of the unfortunate country if the men who are wearing themselves out in its service up in the Eastern and Western Blocks while I write, should by any mischance cease to exist as a Government, Heaven only knows. Doubtless, there would be wide-spread lamentation in the tents of Brown; and Clear Grit maidens would weep to think the cup was dashed from the lips of several thousands of youthful "Reformers" who have been taught to look to "office" as the only proper sustenance and support for their prospective families. In what other way the unfortunate country would suffer is not at this moment very clear.

There is a good deal of speculation abroad as to the course the Opposition will take during the coming Session. Of course, Ottawa is not the place to come to in order to get fully informed as to Opposition tactics. Nevertheless, I will venture to suggest that the Opposition Leaders will devote their talents more particularly to researches into the exact condition of the country at the present moment. They will probably endeavor to compel the Government to make the financial situation clear. They will most likely insist on full statements of Departmental expenditures down to the latest moment. They will probably force the Government to show their hand as regards their Tariff policy. A veil of mystery enshrouds many of the public expenditures, especially as regards Pacific Railway outlays, contracts, etc. The Opposition will render the country good service by compelling a full and exact presentation of all those matters which the Government would willingly conceal, which it will strive to conceal, and which will be brought out (if at all) only as the result of persistent and vigorous demands by the Opposition. I hazard the prediction that the Government will not give some of the information which will be called for, if they can possibly avoid it. They should not be permitted to withhold any thing that will cast light on the management or mis-management of public affairs for the past four years.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Anniversaries.—Fashionable Gatherings.—Charity and Soup Houses.—The Presidential Settlement.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29th.

The great events of the past week among the rich and fashionable of this city have been the celebration of two anniversaries—one taking place in Masonic Temple, under the auspices of the Burns Club, in commemoration of the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the birth-day of Robert Burns, and the other being a grand party given by Madame Mantilla, wife of the Spanish Minister, in honor, and to celebrate the second anniversary, of the ascension of King Alphonso to the throne of Spain. These festivities were both attended by the *elite* of the District,—the President and Col. Fred. Grant being present at the former, and, with Secretary Cameron, Gen. Babcock and other distinguished guests, partaking of a delightful supper; at the close of the entertainment, which consisted of speeches, sentiments, songs and dances, all rendered *a la Scottishe.* The music was wholly that of pipes, the pipers all in full Highland costume. Several of the ladies appeared in Scottish dress, and many others wore rosettes and sashes of Scotch plaid, in favor of the occasion.

AT MADAME MANTILLA'S

there was no music, dancing or entertainment of any kind,—excepting refreshments, of course:—simply conversation and a promenading through the beautifully arranged rooms. The affair was a unique one on this account, as well as for the artistic adornment of the house. The profusion of flowers, converting shelves, slabs and mantels into perfect banks of bloom, was quite remarkable for this season of the year, and the effect correspondingly fine. The result produced by blossoming camelia, lemon and orange trees, arranged about the rooms, was heightened and beautified by the soft and mellow light from numerous wax candles that partially relieved the glare of the gas-light.

The great events of the week among the sick and poor and miserable have been the establishment of several soup-houses and the daily distribution of above a thousand loaves of bread among them. The suffering in this class has been intense during the past few weeks, partly because of the unusual severity of the weather and partly because of the hard times. Many are too sick to get out to ask for help, and until lately medical aid has not been freely given, so they could not resort to that. Things are on the mending hand now, thanks to private charity and a $20,000 appropriation by Government, which is now being discussed. It is pitiful in the extreme to see the

HUNDREDS OF HAGGARD AND HUNGRY FACES

that crowd around the soup-houses during the hours of distribution. A loaf of bread is given to each quart of soup that is taken away, and two slices to each bowl-full that is eaten on the spot. One of these houses issued over a thousand dinners Saturday. Those who bring cups, cans or other vessels, are allowed to take them home filled with soup, and others are furnished with bowls and spoons and places at a table to eat their allowance. For three hours daily this table—which will accommodate forty persons—is full, the places being filled as rapidly as vacated by eager and hungry mortals. The citizens of the District have been a long time in awaking to the reality of the suffering around them, but once awakened, every effort is being made for its relief. Hardly a night now passes but sees entertainments for some charitable society. The guests at the leading hotels of Washington are giving pound parties; clubs and literary societies are getting up readings, masquerades, dramatic entertainments, concerts and so on. Government employes are subscribing certain amounts for the purchase and distribution of bread, &c.

The great political excitement is, of course, over the Compromise or Electoral bill, which the President will either veto or sign to-day. The Senate struggled over it all one night, the House wrangled over it all another night, both bodies passed it, Speaker Randall and Vice-President Ferry signed it, and still the thing remains to be settled. There is little doubt, however, that the bill will become a law to-day or to-morrow, and in a week or two more the suspense will be over and the country will know who is to be its next President.

M. M. W.

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

A PHALANX OF SWINDLERS.

That nine tenths of the human race are more or less tinctured with superstition cannot be denied. Notwithstanding the general diffusion of knowledge and scientific literature, there exists in the well bred man of letters, as well as in the uncultivated vagrant, a belief more or less in the supernatural. By some, the picking up of pins becomes a momentous question, the spilling of salt a portend of calamity dire, or dreams the augury of good or evil consequences. The knowledge of this unfortunate propensity of ours for the marvellous forms the key stone upon which a fraternity of swindlers build their superstructure. No profession is free from the inroads of these parasites; the clerical, the medical and the legal are alike preyed upon; and year after year the purse-strings of a confiding and gullible public are loosened and millions poured into the insatiable maw of the demigod Quack.

Health being the most valued of all earthly possessions, the fact has induced these leeches to select the medical profession more particularly as their prey. The more glaring the absurdity of their therapeutical methods, the more certain they are of success. "St. John Long," the notorious quack of seventy years ago, would be a mere tyro in comparison with these charlatans, Dees, the astrologer, a mere monad in this modern ocean of swindlers. From every post, pillar and fence of the Dominion a call is made upon the public in the shape of glaring advertisements to

TAKE SO-AND-SO'S PILLS

or such a one's linament, and live forever. Almanacks, with descriptions of loathsome and disgusting diseases, are scattered broadcast over the land, thrust under doors, or impudently sent as circulars, calling attention to some abominable combination of Aloes or Witch's Stew, the efficacy of which is attested by hundreds of the clergy, whose time, one would imagine, could be more profitably employed in attention to the spiritual welfare of their parishioners.

The above is one of the more respectable (if the prostitution of the word can be allowed) methods of procedure: there are others which, from their idiotic and ridiculous pretensions, and the unparalleled effrontery of their surroundings, demand more than a passing notice. I allude to the wandering fraternity of rubbers, trance-mediums and seventh son hoodlums. It is difficult to conjecture why Providence has selected

THE SEVENTH SON,

endowing him particularly with the gift of healing. Nevertheless, when in the form of a professional vagrant, they are in possession of attributes denied in a great part to the rest of their brethren: being seven times more cunning, seven times more dirty, and seven times more worthy of the pillory. It seems from this that the gift of healing is thrown in as a sort of counterpoise or *placebo* in consideration of the inconvenience arising from their surplus attainment. Their method of procedure is upon their arrival in a community, to make particular inquiries relative to the diseases of individuals, and in the company of a touter, whom they have enlisted as a mouth piece, make piratical inroads on the afflicted. Once having gained admission to a house, nothing short of absolute violence suffices for their expulsion. No disease, from corns to cancer, is beyond their pretensions. If the operator is of the seventh son persuasion, a few rubs and "presto!" the pain vanishes and the cure is complete. It is noticeable that cleanliness of the hands exercises some peculiar influence on the electric current emanating from their persons, the medium of communication apparently seeming to be dirt. The electrical rapidity with which they pocket their fees and leave is remarkable in these gentry: a rapid change of scene seems necessary for them to recuperate their magnetical power and avoid any unpleasant encounters that in the future might arise between them and their dupes.

Next on the programme comes

THE TRANCE MEDIUM,

distinguishable from the rest of humanity by his long hair, long nails, mysterious manner and composite apparel, partially modelled from the sneak thief and Italian brigand. This gentleman has acquaintances in the other world (which portion of it we are unable to state) who are ready at his beck and call to worm themselves into the lungs, livers and hearts of his patients, transmitting the intelligence of their condition to the unwashed, together with the botanical marvel which will effect the cure. The last trance medium that came under my notice communed with what he styled a lost darling. In a very unfeeling manner he wormed the lost darling in one day through fifteen persons, of all ages, diseases and conditions. The lost darling communicated a valuable receipt, for the cure of *worms in the heart* which she struck on during a tour through a case of indigestion, which we publish *verbatim* for the benefit of the public.

RECEIPT

of the lost darling for worms in the heart, obtained by her from Dr. Ciquod, the great Aztec physician. "One handful of burdock leaves, one half handful of lovage, one ounce sulpher, dissolved in a pint of gin, a spoonful three times a day."

As the rural districts and the Islands are the localities from which these banditti reap their harvests, I make these remarks as a warning to the incautious who too often become the prey of these swindling vagrants.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY, Jan. 29. INO.

[WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

ON THE PLAINS.

BY REV. GEORGE J. FORBES.

TIGHTENING HIS WAGON TIRE.

Crossing the Great American Desert during the month of September is well calculated to test the quantity of moisture contained in solids and in what may be considered a thoroughly seasoned article of wood. The man who wears number eight boots soon finds that his neighbor's number tens are none too large, and the soles indicate that the peg holes have been too large or the pegs too small. Lizards and snakes eye us lazily and without moving, as if they are afraid they can not bend without breaking. One of our party declares that the glass stopper of the bottle in which his ink used to be has sensibly decreased, and that his teeth are beginning to loosen; but as he has been in the habit of exaggerating before, some of his fellow sufferers are not inclined to give the assertion unlimited credence. Our friend, Pete Tozer, a huge fellow, the life and soul of the party, seems to have sunk at least three inches in the sand and lost in breadth and thickness proportionally. Whew! the heat and dryness are something awful, something which cannot be conceived without actual experience. It would appear as if the atmosphere has cracked and shivered into multitudinous fiery points which prick the skin and make a person feel in breathing that there is just a possibility of a man being able to eat his way out of a tack factory. It is not the heat alone. With the filling of the lungs an ordinary breath seems to end, but here it seems to permeate the marrow and causes a man to feel as if he was lined with sole leather.

With these explanations, it will not be wondered that our wagons require much nursing in order to have them tide over this dreary expanse. We have no water to throw away for the purpose of swelling the wheels, and nothing is heard from morning till night but incessant hammering and wedging. John the Baptist (a fancy name) is in despair. His wagon is as sensitive to touch as a galvanic battery, and he carries his wife and family. No wonder that this anxiety, in addition to the hardships which we all bear, is making him as yellow and shrunken as a mummy. At the end of the second day we arrive at Fish Springs, which occupy a ledge at the base of a mountain range. The water is warm,—in fact, just the thing to swell a shrunken wheel so that not a hair's breadth of the tire will remain vacant. John is in a hurry to get the entire number of his wheels into the water as quickly as possible, that they may have the full benefit of a lengthened soak. Help is demanded that his wagon bed may be lowered to the ground in safety, and this being accomplished satisfactorily, a wheel is picked up and thrown into the nearest water with much noise and flourish. John now investigates the condition of the bottom of the spring. He had better have done this first! A startling exclamation causes us all to run for the spring. The rays of the sun, reflected from an opposing peak, illumines the water to a depth that fairly startles us. Some twenty feet below the surface we can see the wheel slowly turning and seeking to find a lower level. To an uninterested party the situation is interesting. We are likely to have an opportunity to investigate Newton's theory of gravitation under no ordinary conditions. The water is as clear as crystal. Down, down goes the wheel, the spokes seeming to be animated with life, searching around and putting out feelers like a huge crawfish. It is, at last, swallowed by the insatiable deep, when we resolve to try and find the other end of the hole. We might as well spare ourselves the trouble. Over six hundred feet of rope and chain, with a pair of steelyards at the end, fail to find bottom. John is in despair, and no wonder. Here he is three hundred miles away from the nearest settlement, and his conveyance a wagon with only three wheels! The old proverb compares something not required at all to the fifth wheel of a wagon, but a fourth is found to be indispensable. Under these circumstances, there is nothing but to portion John's family and goods among the remaining vehicles. Next morning we all take a last look at the affectionate spring (treacherous, John says), and, meditating on the uncertainty of human calculations, mournfully pursue our way.

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

FASHION NOTES.

In beginning our *resume* of answers to correspondents, the first question which presents itself bears reference to the amount of fashion attendant upon the use of

EYE GLASSES.

Our correspondent ventures the inquiry in such apparent good faith that it seems rude to disregard her, and yet, in all common sense, the only reply we can give is that people wear eye glasses as they wear false teeth, when they cannot help themselves. Occasional Lord Dundrearies and ladies who, by virtue of similar dispositions, might prove very fitting mates for such mythical celebrities, do really invest in eye glasses, purely and simply from affectation and a mistaken notion that such additions to their make up add also what they are pleased to call a *distingue* air; but, as a general thing, the very most fashionable people the world produces prefer to look out upon that world without the aid, or rather, the obstruction, of "double windows." Whether it be an epidemic or merely a coincidence, it is a lamentable fact that weak eyesight and faulty teeth are more common now, especially among young ladies, than they used to be in the years that have gone by; but even admitting this, it does not follow that either one or the other can be called more fashionable; or if they are so called, we are quite certain that those who share in the fashion would willingly be exempted from it were such a blessing within the bounds of possibility. Consequently, we beg of our ingenuous questioner that she be content to attempt no such improvement upon the gifts of nature, at least until that sad time when "the grinders shall cease because they are few and the windows of the house be darkened," or, at least, if not absolutely darkened, somewhat dimmer than in those days of fearless, careless youth.

Next on the list, we are asked "whether it is

'ACCORDING TO HOYLE'

that a gentleman, when walking with a lady, should invariably keep to the 'outside track'? Also, whether he should doff his hat whenever the lady happens to bow to any one with whom he has not the slightest acquaintance?" Hoyle, we believe, is the leading authority on cards and other games of chance, but even as such, we enjoy no intimacy with his precepts; therefore, so far as this bearing of the question is concerned, we shall have to say we do not know; but, as regards usage and custom, we were formerly under the impression that every civilized person knew that it was considered proper for a gentleman to keep to the outside of the side walk, unless the condition of the side walk or any other circumstance might make a reversion of the position expedient. It is also considered no more than common politeness that he should recognize by a touch of his hat any person or persons whom his companion recognizes by a bow, while, moreover, it is positively a breach of etiquette for any gentleman to neglect to raise his hat to a friend when he or his friend is walking with a lady. Another decided breach of etiquette is, for a gentleman to continue puffing or smoking a cigar while passing a lady; but whether it be attributable to the degeneracy of these degenerate times or whether it be caused by the state of the atmosphere, which does sometimes render too much hat raising and cigar-removing uncomfortable, the youthful gentlemanhood of St. John are lately given more to breakage than observance regarding this nicety of social laws. This latter observation we do not make of ourselves, it being taken from a large majority of young ladies who live in hopes of seeing an amendment when those roving winter months, which do indeed bring out the worst phases of human character, shall have passed away.

Concerning the most popular color for

WINDOW HANGINGS,

which forms the subject of our next question, we believe the answer to be pale brown or a bright tan. The latter is of the two the most fashionable, being shown generally in reps or brocade material, and made up in very long curtains, with crimson stripes of either cloth or velvet across the top and bottom but not at the sides. Gilt cornices have gone out almost altogether, while the old fashioned window poles enjoy the very highest favor. They are now made of the most expensive wood, elaborately carved at each end, and the odder, older and more grotesque they can be procured the more fortunate their possessor becomes. Indeed, in every department of household decorations the rage for mediaevalism and the antique in every form seems to increase rather than abate. Connoisseurs of *bric-a-brac* and articles of *vertu* are enabled now-a-days to indulge their hobbies to the fullest extent, but persons of unlimited means but limited fancy for and acquaintance with centennialism and the aroma of antiquity are liable to find themselves lost and their especial tastes submerged amid the Babel of voices which proclaim the respective merits of the sober wood tints and solid carvings of the German Reformation, the Pagan splendors of the Italian Renaissance, the formal magnificence of England's by-gone centuries and the florid conventionalities of the French rococo period. "Age before honor" has long since passed into an accepted fact, but just at present age also precedes individual fancy, originality, convenience and every thing pertaining to each. However, this ground is being so constantly and lengthily gone over by writers in all the most popular of first class magazines, that we need no longer dwell upon it, the larger share of our duty being executed when we have directed the lady by whom we are interrogated to make all further inquiries at any of the large furnishing establishments whose advertisements may be found in other parts of these columns.

We are next asked whether pure white or tinted

VISITING CARDS

are most fashionable, and upon the authority of *Harper's Bazar,* are enabled to answer that large glazed cards of pure white are the preference for ladies, gentlemen using those a size or two smaller. A large proportion of the American papers and weekly magazines are publishing great inducements in the way of cheap visiting cards, but so far as we have seen Messrs. Scribner & Co., of *Scribner's Monthly,* promise the daintiest articles in that line, their advertisement describing cards of a delicate cream tint, having round corners with gold or silver edges. The price is slightly in advance of the common run of such advertisements, being eighty cents for fifty cards; but young ladies who love novelty will, without doubt, prize the novelty the more as it becomes the more expensive. As we remarked some time ago, fashion proclaims written visiting cards to be more *en regle* than those which are printed, but on the other hand amateur printing presses have become so common that however more convenient or fashionable it may be or however elegant their chirography, very many ladies are prevented from indulging in this fashion from the fear of offending boyish relatives who find in their mothers and sisters' cards very convenient opportunities for testing their own skill and the merits of their press. In this way it happens that we see quite as many printed cards visite, as written, though all the time the latter style is, for the time being, the fashion. In writing paper, loyal Americans are still dealing in Centennial patterns, while those whose fancy ranges more in the direction of the classics than patriotism, indulge in note paper each sheet of which contains a short sentence from different poets. Something still newer, and certainly more startling, is black paper to be written upon with white ink. This truly is a novelty, and yet if it exists to any extent at present it is sure to have only a very transitory life, a fancy so unhealthy, not to say funereal, being of itself obnoxious to any refined mind.

The last of our questioners whom time and space permits us to answer in this week's issue, tells us that she has lately heard that sets, either in furniture or

TABLE WARE,

are no longer regarded as being arbitrary or positive necessities, but this statement seems so opposed to her ideas of orthodoxy that she appeals to us for either denial or corroboration. As we have both heard and read the same information, and always in quarters which we consider reliable, we reply by a corroboration. Even in silverware there is a gradually growing fancy for individual pieces such as square trays for salt, tiny butter plates and separate pepper boxes; as, however, these do away with the necessity for the castor, stands holding two bottles are sold for oil and vinegar. Separate sugar bowls and cream pots are also sold, but where candlesticks are used there are always a pair. As regards the other qualities of the most stylish silver ware shown at the present time, the most elegant models are embellished with *repoussée* decorations, or else are encrusted with copper in niello-work. For plainer people, smooth satin finished work is shown, but amid all, the Queen Anne and other English styles are most popular, and low pieces for the table are best liked as they do not obstruct the view.

Regarding china and porcelain, fashion presents such an endless variety, a variety involving so many dates, periods and nationalities, that we do not even attempt an enumeration, feeling certain that were we to do so, a graceful extrication from the effort would be almost impossible. We may say, however, that the lawlessness before referred to comes in very aptly in this direction, especially for those people who, rejoicing in the possession of fragmentary pieces of rare old china, have hitherto been kept from displaying them by the conventional demand for completeness in all table services. Nowadays the queerer and more time worn old china may be, its very possession seems to act as a gentle suggestion of still more gentle ancestry on the part of its owner, albeit the fact most frequently remains that this possession has been brought about by unromantic visits to auctions or second-hand shops.

At this juncture the time and space afore mentioned alike fail us, and thus we are forcibly brought to a conclusion, notwithstanding the certainty that we have work for yet another week in the pile of questions which still remain unanswered.

MANAGEMENT OF THE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE MOLSON BANK AGENCY AT CAMPBELTON

The Cashier of Molson's Bank, Montreal, writes to the *Gazette* to contradict THE WATCHMAN's statement that the Government had provided the safe for the Campbelton Agency. The *Gazette* remarks:—

In other respects THE WATCHMAN's statement is confirmed. The building for the use of the bank was put up at the cost of the country, which may be said to be a new line of business into which the Mackenzie Government have entered. No reference is made to the order by which the notes of the Prince Edward Island banks were refused by ticket agents on the Intercolonial Railway. The question will probably form matter for enquiry when Parliament meets. In the meantime we hope our Maritime contemporary will make the necessary correction by announcing that the Government did not furnish the safe.

Having been informed by a safe maker that he had supplied the safe by direction of the General Superintendent of the Government Railways, Mr. C. J. Brydges; having been informed by the same authority that Mr. Brydges had subsequently directed him to proceed to Campbelton and make necessary changes or repairs to the said safe or vault, we cannot consent to make any correction, except with his approval,—and this we have not yet received.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS WHICH ARE NOT REPORTED IN THE GOVERNMENT PRESS.

On Thursday morning of last week the freight train for Truro, which left Moncton about 4 o'clock, having been delayed on the Dorchester grade, was run into by the express which left Moncton one hour later. The passenger car of the freight train was destroyed and much other damage done. This "accident" was the natural result of perming the freight train to run on the time of the express,—but it is said that there was "nobody to blame."

On Saturday night, near Memramcook, a freight train left the track, and the through express was delayed about three hours. It is said there was "no damage done and no one to blame."

We understand that on the same day three trains met at Memramcook, that there was a defect in the siding, and being unable to pass on a single line, one of the trains was obliged to back up to Dorchester (eight miles) to let the English mail train cross.

On Monday a special from St. John with the Directors of the Spring Hill Mining Company, broke down at Salisbury, and afterwards at Painsec. It is not known when they reached their destination.

It is said that upon one occasion a short time since a snow plow was being driven in front of an engine with a train attached, when the plow broke loose and rolled down an embankment without any person knowing it, and it was not missed until the arrival of the train at the next Station, when the Conductor was understood to say that "somebody must have stolen it."

On Friday or Saturday morning of last week, a plow or flanger in the rear of a mixed or freight train, north of Campbellton, when coming south, broke loose without the train men knowing it. The express train followed soon after, ran into and smashed it.

A gentleman at Nauwigewauk informs us that near his Station, quite recently, the wheel of a car broke, resulting in the tearing up of the sleepers and loosening of the rails for a considerable distance. Trackmen were at work during a considerable portion of a night in making necessary repairs.

It is stated that a train ran off at or near Richmond, N. S., on Monday evening last—particulars unknown, but it *is* known that there was "no one to blame."

The following is from the Halifax *Citizen* of Tuesday. For a wonder, the *Telegraph* reproduces this paragraph, excepting the last three lines, referring to an accident on the Northern Division:—

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—Conductor Dunn's train from Pictou met with a serious accident yesterday evening. Somewhere between Bedford and the Three-Mile House, a wheel broke, and at Africville crossing nearly the whole train went off the track, tearing down three telegraph posts and pulling the cars one upon another. One brakesman was thrown off and over a fence into the main road, but fortunately escaped uninjured. The cars were badly damaged, and three sets of points were destroyed by the dragging of the pin of the broken wheel on the track. The damage to the track has been repaired, and the road was clear at 2.30 this morning. The broken wheel has been found near Prince's Lodge. An accident, the particulars of which we were unable to obtain, is also reported on the Northern Division yesterday.

STILL THEY COME.

To the Editor of the Watchman.

MONCTON, Feb. 1.—The engine of Moncton freight train, going west, went off the track last evening at Salisbury Station, caused by misplaced switch. Engine somewhat damaged, and train delayed several hours.

Accidents are so numerous now I would suggest that they build a glass house and place Mr. Brydges' Palace Car in it until summer season, in case it may get injured. It is lucky Mr. Brydges is never here, as it would not be safe to run his car at present.

SMASHER.

MORE ACCIDENTS.

The Moncton *Times* repeats the following accidents, in addition to those referred to above:—

On Monday of last week the engine of No. 4 train broke down at Cold Brook, and had to be hauled back to St. John. Minor accidents of this class are constantly occurring.

On Tuesday, p. m., three cars of the Truro freight ran off the track near Jones' Mills, below Painsec.

Yesterday the engine of the English mail train broke down at Amherst. Another engine was procured and ran as far as Aulac when the journals caught fire, and another engine was brought from Sackville. This last engine got along very well until it reached Meadow Brook, when it left the track; after some delay it was got in position again and the train came to Moncton. The baggage car of the express broke down yesterday at Truro.

There have been so many smash-ups of late that it is said there are a very large number of engines in the hospital at Moncton and some eight or nine on the Eastern Division disabled. For want of locomotive power to move it, large quantities of freight are lying at all points on the line east of Moncton and the consignees are anxiously awaiting its arrival. Suppose we were to have a week of storms just now, what a splendid state of affairs would be developed. After all the money lavished on the Intercolonial, it is at this moment utterly unprepared for such an emergency as would result from two or three days of stormy weather.

MR. C. J. BRYDGES' BED ROOMS UNDER "REFORM" MANAGEMENT.

[From the Moncton Times.]

We explained some time ago that as Mr. Brydges occupied as parlor, dining room and sleeping rooms, more than one-sixth of the General Offices, it was found necessary to enlarge the building so that the business might be carried on without disturbing the repose of the great and good man when he honored Moncton with a visit. The enlargement has been made at a cost of $12,000—a sum that almost exactly represents the cost to Canada of providing a dining and bedroom for Mr. Brydges for about six days and nights in the year. He has now reserved for himself rather more room than he had before, and nearly as much as the whole expensive addition to the General Offices' building.

MORE EXCELLENT MANAGEMENT.

Passengers from Moncton, Salisbury and other stations coming to St. John by the Northern train on Monday, were quite surprised to learn at Sussex from Conductor Ganong that the train was *cancelled* and would go no further.

Two or three of the passengers had notes to meet in Bank, and one was a Director of the Paper Company which had a meeting called for 3 p. m. Remonstrances were telegraphed to Mr. Luttrell stating that passengers had notes to meet, etc., and after half an hour's delay, at 10 a. m. they were informed the train was ordered on. But it came so slowly, picking up freight, and lying idle on sidings half an hour at a time, that it did not reach St. John until 10 minutes past 3 p. m., just in time to miss the Bank and have the notes of two parties protested who had the money in their pockets to take them up.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

A correspondent writes:—

Among the arrivals at Penobsquis station on Wednesday morning was George B. Upham. But George did not arrive by train; he came in a much more primitive style. He had, however, left Sussex the evening before with a ticket "good for one fare from Sussex to Penobsquis," and had duly taken a seat within the cars, not without misgivings, owing to recent events, that he might never reach his destination. There was the chance that they might make a railway accident of him, or that the train might be "cancelled" at Plumweseep, or that they might have to stop to "oil the snow plow" and suddenly find that they had lost it off and have to run back eight or nine miles for it, as recently occurred. In view of all these contingencies it seems to have occurred to this very discriminating passenger that it was imprudent to part with his ticket until some portion of the trip paid for had been travelled. When, therefore, Conductor Millican asked him for his pasteboard almost immediately after leaving Sussex, George appears to have answered evasively, "Um, um, what did you say you wanted?" or words to that effect, and smiled blandly. George admits that he had smiled also before leaving Sussex. The conductor became imperative and George replied not to be in a hurry, he had a ticket.

You see, George thought he was joking. They all joke, those railway people. Doubtless even the grave C. J. B. jokes when he compels station masters, conductors and other employes to give the Canada Guarantee Company (in which certain railway magnates have much stock) as security, instead of personal security before given, for the faithful discharge of their duty. It must also be a joke when he compels station masters to do the business of the Inter-Colonial Express Company at infinitessimal wages. Doubtless it is all a joke when small articles of baggage, which other railways carry free, are taken possession of by messengers of the company and only delivered when passengers pay the express charges consequent. That was a rare joke of Mr. Luttrell when a few days ago he had passengers taken from Sussex to St. John by express special in just *five hours and a quarter,* as if in defiance of Mr. Domville's protest against *fast* driving. Yes, even the great men of the road unbend and have their jokes, and George thought the conductor was joking. But George owns that at this stage the conductor seized him by the collar and told him that "he wanted no d—n foolin'." But George still thought they were both in fun and playfully resisted, constantly putting in the saving clause, however, by saying that he had a ticket.

But suddenly the train stopped, and George was hurled from his seat, through the door, down the steps and out into the night. He says he wasn't sure at the moment whether the conductor was in fun or not, and therefore held on to him, taking that individual out into the cold world with him. And George adds that while in the air together and afterwards as they lay lovingly together in the snow, he assured the conductor that he had a ticket. Here they left him, even resisting his efforts to get on the tail of the train, which he was anxious to do for a reason. He had some baggage of a *perishable* nature in three cans in the baggage car, and was anxious to arrive with it at Penobsquis, for the people around the station might in a jocular mood be disposed to *smile* on the appearance of the aromatic packages. Hence, leakage and shrinkage in value. George therefore hired a team to carry him from the region of the Dismal Swamp to Penobsquis. And now he intends to have law, Palmer's his man, and that railroad has to "sup sorrow."

The following are his "pints:" 1. That they can't put a man off who has a ticket. He had a ticket and shows it. 2. That in putting a person off it must be done near a station. He was put off in the woods 1½ miles from stations. 3. That persons not showing their tickets to conductors must be asked for money for their fare before ejection. He was not so asked. 4. That after being ejected he, having a ticket, had a right to begin *de novo* and enter upon any passenger train when not in motion. He was prevented by force from doing this.

The feeling here appears to be that Mr. Upham was badly treated, and though the legal authorities of the place are divided upon the chance of an action for damages, the majority think he can recover. He says he will spend $100 on it any way, and wants his story published. Possibly Mr. Millican's statement might give additional light.

MOLSON'S BANK BILLS.

[From Moncton Times.]

Last week's *Times* brought from the North on Friday acting Paymaster Jones, who paid off all the men on the Northern Division up to 31st December, in depreciated Molson Bank Bills, of course.

APPOINTMENT.

We take the following from the Halifax *Herald.* What does it mean?

—Mr. Fred. Brydges, son of C. J., has been appointed draughtsman in connection with a contract for car wheels made with the Canada Steel Company, Londonderry.

THE "FREEMAN" would hold the editor of THE WATCHMAN accountable for a good deal of wrong doing, if it were only allowed to make statements uncontradicted. It declared, in noticing a WATCHMAN article on "Personal Puffing in the Press," that the editor of THE WATCHMAN inaugurated this very state of things which it now condemns,—a statement which has no justification whatever in fact. It also alleges, in connexion with quotations from some remarks of our's last week on the subject of the attempted sale of the Harbor Ferries, that the Ring of whose transactions we complain once controlled a paper along with the editor of THE WATCHMAN. This statement, also, is wholly baseless: the editor never having been controlled by any Ring or by any member of a Ring, but under all circumstances preserving the independence of the press and making great sacrifices in order to do so. It is a melancholy and deplorable truth that the editor of the *Freeman* is getting to be about the poorest authority going on a question of *fact.* For instance, he defends the Government for sending the whole of the I. C. R. Car Contract out of the Maritime Provinces, on the ground that the Government were bound to give it to the lowest tenderer, even though the lowest tender was only $300 below the next lowest on a $160,000 job. To back up its theory it states that Mr. Harris on a former occasion received a large contract when he was the lowest tenderer—which is simply manufacturing a case to help Mr. Anglin's friends, the truth being that Mr. Harris received the contract when his was *not* the lowest offer!—We repeat that the Government has in this instance placed the contract "where it would do the most good," in a political sense. Its members appear to give up the Maritimes as not to be relied on, and are falling back on Ontario. The *Freeman* knows this to be true but prefers for personal reasons to send out a statement exactly contrary to its knowledge.

WE GIVE UP most of our space this week to contributors, whose favors will bear careful perusal. The Washington Correspondence which we have placed on our first page, was received too late for last week's issue,—a circumstance that accounts for the appearance of two letters in this number. A Charlotte County friend's attack on the quack doctors is well merited. These characters ought to be overhauled wherever found.—T. W. C's. "Ride from Austin to San Antonio" is received and will appear next week.

GIFT ENTERPRISE.—We would like to hear from Mr. E. Travis, Greenwich, King's Co., who advertised a Gift Enterprise in this paper.

PALATABLE MEDICINES.—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a honeyed drop of relief; his Cathartic Pills glide sugar-shod over the palate; and his Sarsaparilla is a nectar that imparts vigor to life, restores health and expels disease.—*Waterford (Pa.) Advertiser.*

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—One hundred years ago, Mr. Anglin, had he lived, would probably have been hanged for high treason.—To-day he speeds him on his way to Ottawa in the Brydges Palace Car, which the Government sent expressly to take him to his official duties as Speaker of a Reform House of Commons. And he may live to be the Premier of a Reform Government in Canada, despite the *Telegraph's* attacks.